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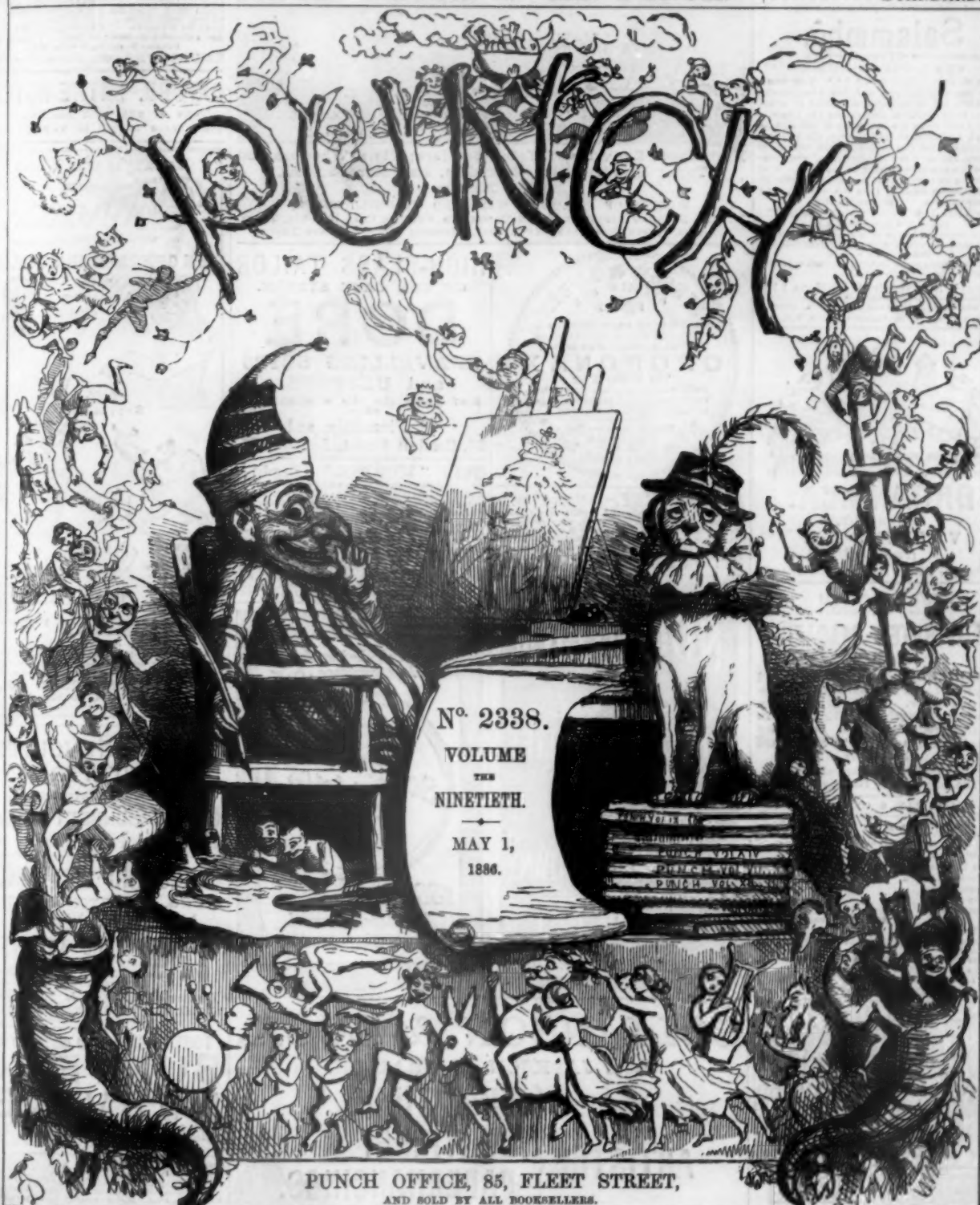
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"reigns alone among
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Waters."



COMPENSATION.

"ULLO, JONES! YOU IN PARIS!"

"YES; I'VE JUST RUN OVER FOR A HOLIDAY."

"WHERE'S YOUR WIFE?"

"COULDN'T COME, POOR DEAR. HAD TO STOP AT HOME ON ACCOUNT OF THE BABY!"

"WHY, YOUR HOLIDAY WILL BE HALF SPOILED!"

"YES. MEAN TO STAY TWICE AS LONG, TO MAKE UP!"

THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS.

(A Story told after Dinner.)

THERE were once three sisters, called respectively PAINTINGA, MUSICANA, and DRAMATICA, and they lived together on terms of not entire amity. PAINTINGA and MUSICANA were very proud—one had a fine House near the Burlington Arcade, where once a year she entertained the greatest of the land, and the other boasted the admiration of a Naval Royalty, who played the fiddle and once composed a Waltz. DRAMATICA had neither of these advantages, and had to satisfy herself with merely being infinitely richer than her sisters, and altogether better off. So, while PAINTINGA and MUSICANA were dining, and listening to the more or less sweet sounds of an illustrious violinist, poor DRAMATICA stayed at home amongst the wealthy and great.

One day, when the latter, as usual, was lamenting her fate—so different from her sisters—her Fairy Godfather suddenly appeared before her.

"I am not surprised that you should be sorrowful," he observed, passing his hand through his long iron-grey hair, and fixing his *pince-nez* on his nose, "for you are indeed unfortunate."

"Am I not?" said DRAMATICA, casting from her some ducal invitations that had been sent to amuse her—poor thing, she had few playthings. "Am I not, indeed?"

"It is a pity that you are not able to take a degree at Oxford and Cambridge," continued the Fairy, "or at any rate, write B.A. after your name."

"I should like to do that very much—I was always fond of the Royal Artillery," almost sobbed the poor child (she was much younger than her sisters, being scarcely three thousand years old), and thus showing her *saïneté*.

"I meant the Royal Academy," returned the Fairy Godfather,

with an amused smile; "not that the Royal Academy of Music goes for much."

"No, it does not," said DRAMATICA, decisively; "especially since the Royal College of Music took the wind out of its sails."

"Poor thing!" sighed the Fairy. "What shall I do for you?"

"I am sure I don't know. You are aware that I have a number of connections always out of an engagement. Couldn't you help them?"

The Fairy considered for a moment, and then replied,—

"Well, I would if I could. But you see, my dear, that the company at my Theatre is complete. I am afraid I couldn't promise them an engagement."

"That is very sad, for I am sure they are full of talent. Couldn't you get other Fairies with theatres like yourself to assist them?"

"That I would, indeed," replied the Godfather, earnestly; "and if anything I could say would influence them, I would utter it. But you see the other Fairies with Theatres, like myself, seem to be in a similar predicament."

Poor DRAMATICA burst into tears, and her Godfather was grieved to the heart.

"What is to become of them all?" she moaned—"the Leading Man, the First Old Woman, the Singing Chambermaid, and the Walking Gentleman? Can't you help them?"

"I have it!" cried the Fairy at last, triumphantly. "Although I and my brother Fairies like to keep our stages to our own tried companies, there is no reason why the State should not help the others. Had I my way, there should be a Grand National Theatre—say sixty miles from London, because the Government would have no right to interfere with vested interests by organising a public-purse-paid opposition—and in this Grand National Theatre all the unacting should have their chance."

"But who would go to see them?" asked DRAMATICA, smiling through her tears.

"I have nothing to do with that," replied the Fairy; "but, considering that lunatics and paupers are under Government control, there should be no serious difficulty in arranging for an audience."

"That would be very nice, indeed," said DRAMATICA. "And now, my dear friend, why did you call me the 'Cinderella of the Arts'?"

The Fairy smiled, and wiped his *pince-nez*. "Well," he began, smilingly, "I am not quite sure when I used the expression that I quite understood my own meaning. You see it was a charity dinner."

"That is scarcely an answer," replied DRAMATICA. "Can't you (as the lawyers say) contrive to mend it? I repeat, *why* did you call me *Cinderella*?"

"That is decidedly a conundrum," replied the Fairy Godfather, after careful consideration.

And when that conundrum is solved, this story shall be continued.

THE MEGÆRAS OF TO-DAY.

[Mr. Justice WILLS commented very severely on the presence and behaviour of the women in Court during the trial of Mrs. BARTLETT.]

Nor women surely these who go to gloat

Upon a woman in her agony;

To watch the ebb and flow of hope, to note

Whether the law shall doom her or set free.

We know a page that stains French histories;

How women knitted while the guillotine

Did its fell work before their cruel eyes;

And sighed to think such things could e'er have been.

But now in England of to-day, the Court

That tries a hapless woman for her life,

Is crammed with sister-women, and their sport

Is watching twists and turns of legal strife,

As the net closes round her. How they smile,

Those fashionable dames; men hold their breath

In silence, while girls chatter; for the while

A woman hovers between life and death.

Look at her well, and poise the smart lorgnette,

The theatre can show no braver sight;

And murmur in light-hearted phrases, yet

Methinks her face is growing ghastly white.

Women, they tell us, in Imperial Rome,

Were fiercest for the gladiator's blood;

And lo! we have their congeners at home—

A foul disgrace to English womanhood!

THE Great Soapists have bought Sir JOHN MILLAIS' picture of a child blowing bubbles for £2,300. Big price. Sir JOHN will henceforth be known as Sir "BUBBLEY-JOCK" MILLAIS.



'SUPPLY AND DEMAND.'

Antiquarian Gent. "GOT ANY OLD—AN—ROMAN WEAPONS OR POTTERY LATELY?"

Dealer. "'XPECT 'EM IN NEX' WEEK, SIR,—AIN'T QUITE FINISHED RUSTIN' YET, SIR,—ABOUT TOOSDAY, SIR!"

IMPERIAL ORATORY.

I MAY claim to be a patriot, for 'tis my fondest dream
To promote the quick fruition of the Federative scheme
Which shall give to Greater Britain the cohesion that she lacks,
And unite in one vast League her whites, her tawnies, and her blacks.
With respect to British subjects, I desire to efface
All existing disabilities of colour, creed, and race,
And, throughout the greatest Empire that this earth has ever seen,
To give parity of rights to every liegeman of the QUEEN.

I opine that ev'ry folk which owns Old England's kindly sway
Is entitled in her Parliament to say its utmost say;
That its delegates, no matter what their hue, should one and all
Be convoked unto St. Stephen's, to make laws for great and small;
Regulations should not force them in our mother-tongue to speak—
The Hindoo should spout in Tamil, and the Cypriote in Greek;
For I deem it an injustice that might break a heart of stone
To compel a man to prate in any idiom but his own.

I should dearly like to listen to Sir JINJIE JELLIJEE
Pitching into Mr. GLADSTONE in the choicest Bengalee,
And to see Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, grim and desperate, at bay,
Undergoing confutation in colloquial Malay.
What could be more interesting than a Maiden Speech in Zulu,
Or a Motion in the dialect of Wooloo-wooloo-mooloo,
Or a spirited discussion on the Order of the Day
'Twixt a Mic-Mac legislator and the Member for Bombay?

It would entertain me very much to hear a Vote of Thanks
Moved in fine old crusted Cornish—aye, and seconded in Manx;
And I feel convinced that in the House there must be many a MAC
Who can make a speech in Gaelic quite as well as WILLIAM BLACK.
Why, I ask, should not the Member for Ben Cruachan or Lewis,
When he wants to move the House, give notice thus:—"Riabh na
cuie?"

And, supposing that adjournment be his object, is it fair
To cry "Question!" when he murmurs, "A fhir gudiùh na cagair?"

'Twould be little less than touching were the Member for Tralee
To refer to GEORGE TREVELYAN as "*Acushla Gramachree*!"
Or to mention JOHNNY MORLEY—never thus described before—
As "*Nabocklish och! Macourneen*," or, maybe, as "*Shawn ashore*.
Very likely, Irish arguments would pithy be and terse,
And more luminous than heretofore, if urged in classic Erse,
Which has recently been proved, beyond a doubt, to be the tongue
That was spoken by the patriarch METHUSALEH, when young.

There's a Member of our Parliament who yearns to speak his mind
In an unfamiliar language of a very ancient kind.
He believes, as I am told, that he is called upon to teach
All his colleagues to appreciate the fervid Cymric speech;
Yet I fear he scarce will dare to "move the House," as matters stand,
In the liquid, throaty accents of his dear old native land;
Though I really fail to see what right the Commons have to squelch
The elect of Rhondda Valley, just because he speaks in Welsh!

That this gushing minstrel-poet—MABON is his Bardic name—
Should be doomed to chronic silence in the Commons is a shame,
For at banquets he is often heard his manly voice to raise
In extempore penillions and stirring Druid lays. [House,
Yet when he—"Y Gwir Anrhydeddus"—would fain address the
Not a single shout of "*Clywch!*" renders tribute to his nous;
And he somehow always fails to catch the SPEAKER's roving eye,
When the spirit moves him to exclaim, "*Gohiriad y Ty!*"

If my plan should be adopted, 'twould our Ministers compel
To learn five-and-forty languages, or more—and learn them well;
And the number of aspirants to the Cabinet, maybe,
Would be sensibly diminished by that stern necessity;
Though their burden of vernaculars they haply might decrease
By dividing it among them, at the rate of five apiece.
But I fear some would-be Speakers it may possibly appal
To reflect that they, at least, will be obliged to know them all!

"THE HAMLET OF MILE-END OLD TOWN."—"Good gracious me!"
exclaimed Mrs. RAM, on reading this heading to a paragraph in the
Times. "Another of 'em! What will Mr. IRVING say to this?"



LITTLE AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

THEATRE ROYAL, OLD BAILEY.

THE next Sitting of the Central Criminal Court will commence with the laughable farce of,

JUSTICE A JOKE; OR, THE DOOMED AND THE DOWAGERS.

In which will appear, a trembling Felon, surrounded by the *élite* of Female London Society. After which will be performed, for the 1000th time, the comical interlude of,

THE GHASTLY PIC-NIC.

In which real food and drink will be demolished in the presence of the Prisoner. To be followed by the popular Extravaganza of

SUPPRESSED EVIDENCE; OR, THE BOX, THE JUDGE, AND THE NASTY SCHOOLGIRLS.

In which a number of young Ladies will support, without a blush, a mass of detail, disgusting to the oldest and most experienced Lawyers. The whole to conclude with,

HIS LORDSHIP'S REFPROOF; OR, GOLD AND BRASS.

which will be repeated, with various alterations, daily, until further notice.

Vice triumphant—no Modesty returned!

NOTABLE NEW BOOK.—*Notes from Another World.* Will they pass in this?

JIM THE PEN-VIPER.

IN marrying *Jim the Penman*, *Nina*, who proved herself a Ninny, took a viper, a pen-viper, to her bosom. *Jim the Penman*, the play at the Haymarket, is written by Sir CHARLES YOUNG, to whom, adapting *Old Wardle's* address to *Tupman*, I would say,—"The best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully.



Act I.—"Let me sign the cheque for you, my dear. You are close at hand, and could do it yourself, but then what would become of the situation in the Third Act?"

to her audience, and, so far, her performance of *Mrs. Ralston*, from first to last, is the perfection of the actor's art. How such an artist could fall into the one error in the acting of this play,—vide the illustration, Act IV.—I do not understand: and how it happened that the author, after seeing its first performance at a *matinée*, missed the great opportunity afforded him of a grand situation, in the same Act, which Lady MONCKTON could have carried through triumphantly,—where one line would have had a hundred times the effect of the present more or less theatrical scene, is a puzzle to me. That Lady MONCKTON can, in a critical but most dramatic situation, hold her audience—a crowded mixed audience—spell-bound, for what seems minutes, without uttering a single word, is a great tribute to her power, and to the constructive ability of the author. If Lady MONCKTON cannot always play up to her present high level, I hope that she will not allow herself to be persuaded into attempting anything that she does not thoroughly feel. Being above the necessities of the profession, she has only to consider the requirements of the histrionic art.

Mr. DACRE may be a universal genius, but he has invariably been a one-sided, or rather, a lop-sided actor. He is always aslant, like a tree on the coast that has been forced out of the perpendicular by continual violent gales. Perhaps, however, it coincides with the fitness of things that *Jim the Penman*, who is morally out of the perpendicular, should be represented by Mr. DACRE, who can't go straight; but, on the other hand, he plays thoroughly, and is heart and soul in the part, though he mars some of his best effects through a habit of starting off for a short sharp walk on every possible occasion, when he is brought up sharply by the proscenium. But again, for a forger to be represented by a champion pedestrian, who is always "forging ahead," may be taken as symbolism in action. Seriously, Mr. DACRE's *James Ralston*, except for such mannerisms, is really very good. His make-up is too youthful; as also is that of Mr. BARRYMORE, who is the only actor whose performance is stagey. He says "butter" for "better" and "dhont" for "don't," attitudinises, works his eyes and eyebrows, and seems desirous of conveying to the audience generally, that he is condescending to a part which is not up to his own idea of his own capabilities, and that a "time will come" when they will see him with his mouth full of old-fashioned blank verse, possibly as the husband of *Mrs. Haller* (I think Mr. *Haller* talked blank verse; at all events, it always sounded like it) in that



Act I.—*The Two Villains* (to each other). "Now we are alone, and as there couldn't possibly be any one in that conservatory, let us shout out our secrets, which, if overheard, would condemn us to penal servitude."

eminently lively play, *The Stranger*, which ought to be played every Fifth of November, with a chorus of "Haller, boys, Haller! Here's another Guy!"

Young *George* (Mr. FRANK RODNEY) is excellent: a very good boy, and deserves to be at the top of the class. *Agnes* (Miss HELEN LEYTON), good girl, but, for an *ingénue*, she seems to know just a little too much. *Lord Drelin-court* behaves in a most high-minded and gentlemanly manner as a character, and is ably represented by Mr. EDMUND MAURICE, who looks a gentleman, and "acts as such." The men's parts are all well played: though perhaps Mr. BEN GREET is occasionally a little out of the picture. Miss LINDLEY's *Lady Dunscombe* is a careful study of a very unpleasant, but not unfamiliar, type of fashionable lady. She has two or three good things to say. Only by a close analysis of the plot can her exact value as an artistic accessory be estimated.



Act II.—*Capt. Redwood* (to Mr. Barrymore). "I am a Detective accustomed to spying, &c. Is there an open window anywhere, so that we can be seen and overheard?"—Yes—Very well then. Now—I'll tell you, in a loud tone, all the secrets I've found out. Let's both shout."

Sir CHARLES offends against a canon of dramatic art by not letting the audience into the secrets of his plot on the earliest possible opportunity; and so, though we are not very long in suspense as to the identity of *Jim the Penman* with *James Ralston*, none of us are quite certain as to the *raison d'être* of the sleepy *Captain Redwood*, who is presumably an officer, but, if so, it is a Sheriff's Officer of the Hebrew Army. "The repose of Mr. BROOKFIELD's method," to use the modern dramatic critic's shibboleth, is, like his nose, a distinctive feature of the part. But when he reveals himself



Act III.—*Baron and Ralston*. "We've just overheard them through that window. 'I'm a Detective! Ha! ha!'" We know the Detective is about somewhere—so let us shout out to one another all the secrets which will make our penal servitude a certainty."

the author has given us the best surprise I have experienced since the first night that HORACE WIGAN started up from a table, where he had feigned sleep, and throwing off his navy's comforter and cap, in answer to "Who the deuce are you?" exclaimed, "HAWK-SHAW! the Detective!"—chord, and "scene closed in."

As for Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, I have never seen him better than as *Baron Hartfeldt*. His make-up is perfect, and the manner is equal to the make-up. Hitherto, it has always seemed to me, that his fault has been over-elaboration, which passing the boundary of comedy, trespasses on the domain of burlesque. In his delineation of the wedding-day of our children—and lots of people there is no tendency of this kind, except where it has been consistently introduced by the author. His "Ain't it?" whether due to himself or to the author, is, as given, a touch of natural mannerism most thoroughly characteristic. But for the error of shouting his secrets, into which all the principals without exception fall (though once I noticed Mr. TREE's



Act IV.—*Mrs. Ralston to James Ralston*. "There is an open window leading on to the garden—to the *Baron Hartfeldt* the wedding-day of our children—and lots of people about, so that we may be easily overheard, or interrupted at any moment. Such being the case, and as this is something which no one ought to hear, I will tell you at the top of my voice. You are the Forger, Jim the—"*James* (shouting), "O Jiminy!"

sense of dramatic fitness was considerably exercised by an open window, where anybody might have been listening, but which he did not dare to shut), his performance would be simply faultless.

So much for the actors, and one word more for the author. The ending of Act I. is notably excellent for its unconventionality. The expedient of everybody perpetually overhearing everybody else is stale, and it may occur to some of us that the devices for eaves-dropping might have been better contrived; yet I am bound to say that the means employed, hackneyed though they be, did not in the least interfere with my unabated interest in

the progress of the story. The writing, if rarely witty, is never dull, and is always carrying the plot a step forward; and, with the exception of that awkward device of signing the cheque in the First Act, there is not a weak situation in the piece. In these days of long runs, a year will not exhaust the public who would



Act IV.—The Baron Von Heart-felt. N.B.—The be attracted by such Heartist evidently thinks the heart on the right side. a thrilling and thoroughly well-acted play as this,—a play which is entirely free from all risky situations and unwholesome suggestiveness; a play remarkable for the entire absence of sentimental gush and clap-trap platitudes, which enlists our sympathies for nobility of motive, for suffering and self-sacrifice, and powerfully exhibits the meanness of crime, the misery of its perpetrators, and the severity of its just punishment. It is the best drama of its kind since TOM TAYLOR'S *Ticket of Leave Man*, says, with congratulations to the Managers, Messrs. BASHFORD and RUSSELL, on their luck at last,

STEEL NIBBS THE "J PEN"-MAN.

P.S.—Where ought the scene, when transferred from London to the country, to have been laid? Why, of course, in Wales. For where would *Jim the Penman* have resided but at "Pen-men-mawr"? His daughter would have depended for her dowry on her pen-money.

THAMES BYE-LAWS.

(An Explanation.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM informed on such authority as I cannot for a moment doubt, that the Conservators of the River Thames are not themselves responsible for the extraordinary code of Bye-Laws they have just issued, but that the whole and sole authority for them is the combined wisdom of the two Houses of Parliament, whose haughty mandate they are compelled to obey, and whose scarcely intelligible gibberish they are ordered to endeavour to translate into comprehensible language. Under these circumstances kindly allow me to put the saddle on the right horse; or rather, perhaps, I ought to say, the skulls in the right boat, as no one, Sir, educated in your noble school can ever be ashamed to confess an unintentional error.

YOUR BOATING YOUNG MAN.

QUEER Stories, from *Truth*, by the late Mr. GRENVILLE MURRAY,



So Queer!

long lost child of my own that saw the light in one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine. I knew it again directly, after these many years. It was worth more then, than now, when it is one of thirteen sold for a shilling the lot, or ninepence at a cheap bookstall. I was so glad to see it again.

YOUR EASTER REVIEWER.

WHEN all the Landlords are gone, and all the Tenants are become Landlords, who'll be the only remaining Tenant in Ireland? Sure, the Lord Left-tenant, bedad!



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Sergeant. "CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN?"

Captain. "WHY, THANKY, SERGEANT. IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVING MY OTHER LEG A HITCH OVER!"

AN EASTER SONG

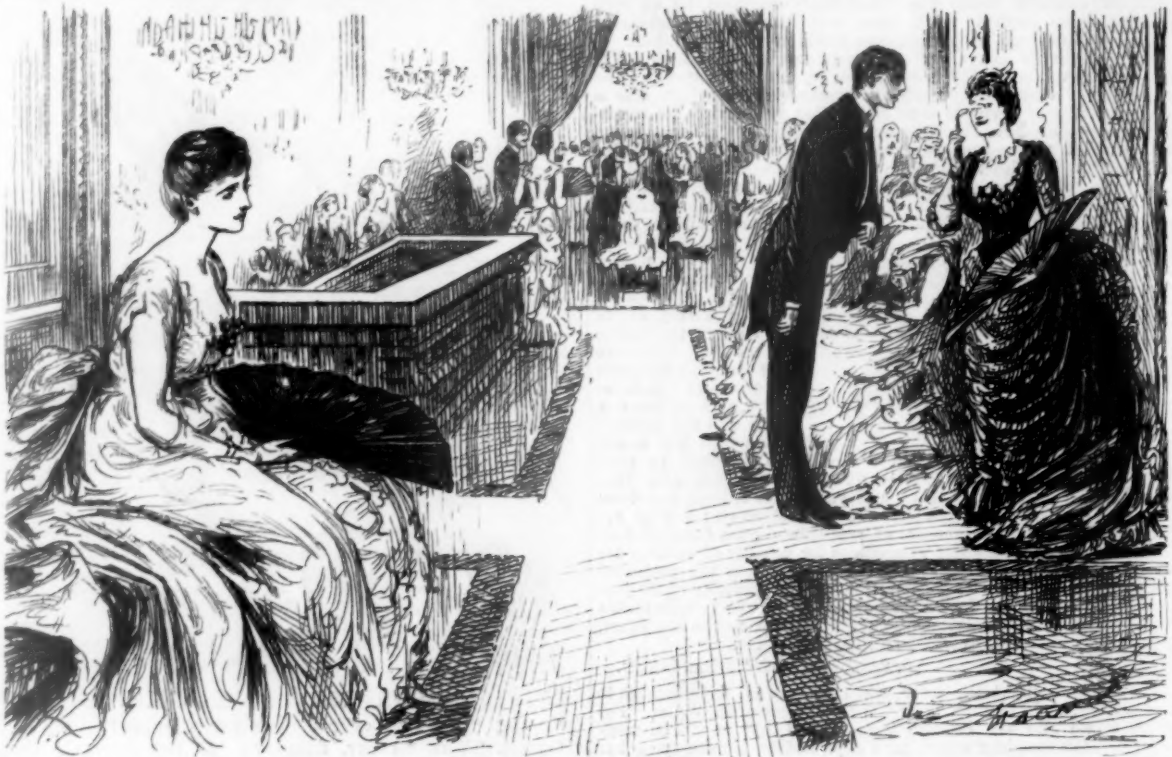
HEARD IN THE HAWARDEN WOODS.

AWAY from the wreck and the riot and flare,
And away from the peril and pother,
I've come; yet my mind is a prey to black care,
And I'm harassed by bother on bother.
Each hour brings some phantom to break my repose,
P'raps it's RYLANDS to-day, BRIGHT to-morrow,
Or CHAMBERLAIN, HARTINGTON!—who would suppose
Their names would in me stir such sorrow!
But, let come will what may, I must trick and contrive it,
That, by hook or by crook, I may somehow survive it.

I've modified this, and I've cut away that,
In the hope I should suit their good pleasure,
Till PARNELL looks glum and inquires what I'm at—
Almost asks what I've left of the measure.
I'll let them at Westminster still keep their seats,
And I'll cut off their right of excise too;
It's just by attempting such possible feats
That one—well, keeps one's hand in, or tries to.
So, let come will what may, I can trick and contrive it,
That, by hook or by crook, I shall somehow survive it.

Those millions? To buy out the landlords, I vowed
That they wanted a hundred and twenty.
When they howled at the sum, quite promptly I bowed,
And discovered that fifty was plenty.
There's nothing that I will not alter or shape,
Or regard as important or weighty.
To get myself out of this horrible scrape,
And diminish that fast growing Eighty.
So, let come will what may, I must trick and contrive it;
For, by hook or by crook,—yes, I mean to survive it!

WHERE does Mr. ROBERTS, the Champion Billiard Player, spend his Easter Holiday? Why in Kew Gardens, of course: that's where he takes his rest. Here, by recent permission of "Dr. HOOKAH," smoking is permitted.



MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

Susceptible Youth. "WOULD YOU PRESENT ME TO THAT YOUNG LADY WITH THE BLACK FAN!"
Hostess. "WITH PLEASURE, IF YOU WILL TELL ME HER NAME—AND YOURS!"

THE GRAND OLD FALCONER.

AIR—"Philip the Falconer."

OLD WILLIAM the Falconer's up with the day,
 With his falcons on his frame;
 And o'er Erin's meadows is wending his way,
 To hawk at the old, old game.
 WILLIAM is clever, if not very young,
 And WILLIAM, they say, has a wonderful tongue;
 But WILLIAM's pet peregrine, feeling some scare,
 Has slipped off its hood and is off through the air.
 WILL vows and declares, believe it or not,
 He would rather have lost any bird of the lot.

But falcons, they say,
 To fly true to their prey,
 Require the most skilful of training.

The Falconer feels he that hawk must secure,
 'Tis so potent in pinion and bill;
 So the Falconer pauses to pull out his lure,
 And waves it about with a will.
 But the falcon seems tired of a hooded hawk's life,
 And he's off down the wind with a wing like a knife.
 And vain seems the whistle and vain seems the wile;
 He is hardly a bird to be lured in that style.
 Oh, when he returns from hawking, I guess,
 Old WILLIAM may find he's a falcon the less.
 But falcons who stray,
 And fly wide of the prey,
 Are scarce worth the trouble of training.

THE "GENERAL IDEA" OF THE EASTER REVIEW.—Turning an honest penny out of the Volunteers.

"PENNY DREADFULS."—The series imposed by the Income-tax.

THE LAST OF THE BARON'S.

THE Baron's last, as uttered on Tuesday, April 20th, was the best thing he has said for a long time. Wise, conciliatory, judicious were Baron HUDDLESTON's observations in the case of *Woodgate v. Edlin*.

The Baron heard
 The case preferred
 By WOODGATE against EDLIN,
 And said, "This quite
 Serves EDLIN right,
 For muddlin' and for meddlin'.

"Apologise
 And fraternise,
 Both gentlemen I bid to."
 Apologee,
 Swore WOODGATE, he
 Would get it,—and he did too.

IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

For *Prince Alexander of Bulgaria*.—A five years' agreement, beautifully embossed, and a pair of second-hand Russian epaulets.

For *Sir William Harcourt*.—A bunch of New Forest primroses, and five Three-Volume Novels for holiday recreation.

For *the Emperor of Russia*.—Temporary Settlement of the Bulgarian question neatly arranged in a Livadian nutshell.

For *Mr. Chamberlain*.—A bottle of Liberal Soothing Syrup with the PREMIER's kindest regards.

For *Lord Hartington*.—A full-length portrait of himself in the character of a Knight Harbinger of the Primrose League, taken on the sly at the recent meeting at Her Majesty's Theatre.

For *M. Delyannis*.—A European Ultimatum and a pail of cold water with the Czar's compliments.

For *Mr. Morley*.—A pot of Holdfast Glue and a wreath of sham-rock labelled "No compromise."

For *Mr. Goschen*.—An essay on "Party Dissolution," and a free pass to the Cave of Adullam, the latter transferable.

For *Mr. Gladstone*.—Illustrated copy of a *Short Way with Deserters and Renegades*, with Appendix, dealing with the possible contingency of having to pass a weighty but elastic measure with a majority of under twenty.

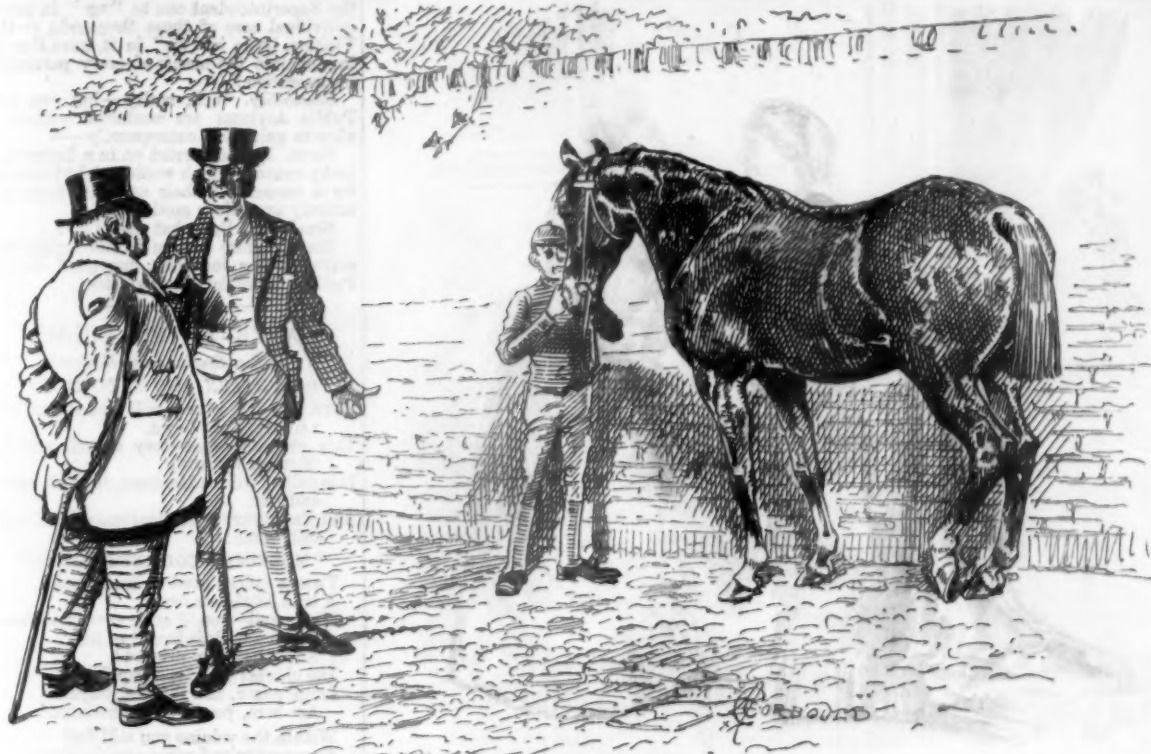


THE GRAND OLD FALCONER.

WILLIAM (a trifle husky). "OH, FOR MY FALCONER'S VOICE,
TO LURE THIS TASSEL-GENTLE BACK AGAIN!"

(From the other WILLIAM,—adapted.)





DESIRABLE.

Dealer (to Mr. Twittledown). "I KNOW TH' SORT O' 'OSS YOU WANT, SIR—A 'IGH-SPIRITED FLYER, AS FEELS LIKE A 'OUSE IN A HEARTSHAKE UNDER YER! AND AS 'LL BUCK YER HOVER A SIX-FOOT STONE WALL OR A BULLFINCH, IF YER JUST TOUCHES 'IM WITH YER 'EEL. NOW THIS 'OSS AIN'T EQ'AL T' THAT, SIR. OR AS 'LL FLY WITH YER 'CROSS COUNTRY LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, WHEN 'E 'EARS TH' SOUND O' TH' 'ORN. NOW 'E WON'T DO THAT, SIR, AND—"

[In spite of these drawbacks, Twittledown says he likes his appearance, and buys.]

"THE HAUNTED MAN."

A Legend of the Day.

He was sick to death of it. His poor brain was weary with the weight of it, and he felt that if he could not escape from it he must surely pass away. And it was sad, for he was young and brave, and (as the world goes) in easy circumstances.

"What shall I do? What *shall* I do?" he murmured to himself. "Ah! a visit to my Club! There I shall escape it."

So he hurried to the smoking-room of the Kemble, that most celebrated chamber of wits and aristocrats, and seated himself in an arm-chair.

"The Boat-Race was well contested," he began, rather nervously. "At Barnes Bridge there seemed to be no doubt about Oxford pulling it off."

"Quite so," assented the member to whom he had addressed himself. "It was a complete surprise to thousands that Cambridge should have got home first. And talking of home reminds me—"

But before the sentence could be finished he had hurriedly risen and fled. The smoking-room of the Kemble was not sacred. It had got in there as it had got in elsewhere. But he would give the Clubs one more chance—he would call at the Junior United Sword and Bayonet. This time he seated himself in the coffee-room, and partook of lunch. An old field-officer was seated next him.

"Delighted to meet you again," he observed, cheerily. "Thought you were in Egypt."

"So I was," replied the warrior, cordially. "We got rather tired of the work at Suakin, and were precious glad, I can tell you, to get home. And, speaking of home—"

He heard no more. Leaving his scarcely tasted luncheon on the table, he withdrew. Not even the Junior United Sword and Bayonet Club was safe from it! It had got in there!

What should he do? Why not try Society? Dinner-parties and dances were open to him. So he got himself invited to the house of

a very wealthy man. And he was asked to "take down" a gushing young person in pink. For the first three or four courses he experienced a sense of relief. The gushing young person in pink was entirely educated—she had passed through Girtton.

"And I suppose you study the classics?" he queried, smiling, for the dinner was particularly good, and he was well contented.

"To be sure," replied the gushing young person in pink. "I think Homer too lovely. And, talking of Homer, reminds me—what do you think of—"

But he did not wait to hear the rest of the story. Under the pretext of sudden and severe indisposition, he rushed away.

The next evening he was enjoying a "square" at a Ball. He had chosen "the Lancers," as that dance afforded less opportunity for conversation than any other. But, between the figures, he was forced to speak.

"Are you not glad that hydrophobia seems to be dying out?" he asked, in one of the customary pauses.

"Oh, so glad!" replied his partner. "What with the Muzzles, and the Home for Lost Dogs, it soon should disappear altogether. And, talking of the Home for lost Dogs, what do you think—"

He knew what was coming, and, in spite of etiquette, fled as if an avalanche were after him.

And then he tried Low Society. He visited the Bar of the Public-House, the Pit of the City Theatre, the Stalls of the East-End Music Halls. But it was all the same. He was haunted!

"And there are thousands like me in this miserable city!" he exclaimed, as, tired out, he seated himself in the Regent's Park.

He was too fatigued to move. Presently two beggars seated themselves apologetically beside him. At first their conversation was held in whispers, but later on they became more animated, and, as they warmed to their subject—oh, horror! But he could not protest—he could not move. He was at their mercy. The shadow, from which that Haunted Man had been trying so strenuously to escape, was again upon him!

Even the beggars were discussing Home Rule!



SNOB-SNUBBING.

"A—I THINK YOU KNOW THE TITTERBYS. ARE THEY—A—QUITE THE SORT OF PEOPLE ONE CAN ASK TO ONE'S HOUSE, DON'T THEY KNOW?"
 "OH, CERTAINLY, IF YOU WISH TO. WHETHER THEY'LL COME OR NOY, IS ANOTHER QUESTION!"

LAW AND LUNACY.

Sensibility. You see our excellent LORD CHANCELLOR himself amended the new Lunacy Bill on the lines you yourself suggested.

Sense. Certainly; and so far as vested interests are concerned, they seem now to be very well guarded. But, my dear British Public, as you have taken the Lunacy Laws in hand, do you not think you could go a little further? Do you know how a man gets into a Public Asylum as a patient?

Sensibility. Well, not exactly. I suppose for good and sufficient reasons.

Sense. A pauper who is once declared to be mad is not a person whose position seems exactly calculated to attract much subsequent attention. But, first, did it not appear to you strange that (according to the debate in the House of Lords) the cures are known to be far greater at Private Asylums than at Public Institutions?

Sensibility. Oh, yes; but that is accounted for by patients being transferred from one Asylum to another.

Sense. Not entirely; for if it is thought desirable to remove a patient from a Private Asylum at all, it appears probable that the move would be completely carried out, and those Institutions would lose him altogether. And does it not seem reasonable to imagine that the cures at a Public Asylum, where the inmates are placed without half the safeguards adopted to prevent improper detention at a Private Asylum, and where, consequently, mistakes may occasionally be made (especially when the "lunatic" is a chronic inebriate) of incarcerating sane people amongst the insane, should at least be equal to those of a "Licensed House," particularly if everybody is so anxious to keep the patient in the latter Institution for the sake of gain?

Sensibility. Well, certainly, it does seem a plausible suggestion.

Sense. And if I tell you that there are actually thousands (mind you, thousands in the plural) of patients incarcerated in a single Public Asylum, under the medical charge of a Superintendent, with either one assistant, or at most a couple, to help him in his duties, do you think that all these thousands of poor "lunatics" (excluding "malingerers" who may use the place for their own convenience, living at the ratepayers' expense) have a fair chance of proving their initial sanity; or even, with so little medical supervision, of getting anyone to recognise their change for the better on becoming cured?

Sensibility. Well, at the first blush it does seem a little difficult; but they can always appeal to the Justices?

Sense. Who pay visits of two hours' duration a few times a year, the greater part of which is most probably employed in their Committee-Room. Do you think it is likely that

the Superintendent can be "up" in every individual case of those thousands, or the Visitors, if he is "up" in it, have time to inquire into the merits of every particular incarceration?

Sensibility. Well, really—but you see, Public Asylums are conducted without a view to gain, and consequently—

Sense. Maybe carried on in a happy-go-lucky manner which would not be tolerated for a moment if their existence depended entirely upon their good name.

Sensibility. But what shall I do?

Sense. Before you rush into legislation, make further inquiries, my good British Public; make further inquiries!

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

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Boys, old and young, will find it hard this volume to put down,

This graphic sailor-story so well told by ROBERT BROWN!

It is full of wild adventure, of peril, sport, and fun,

And PRITCHETT's illustrations all are capitally done!

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To burning midnight oil—

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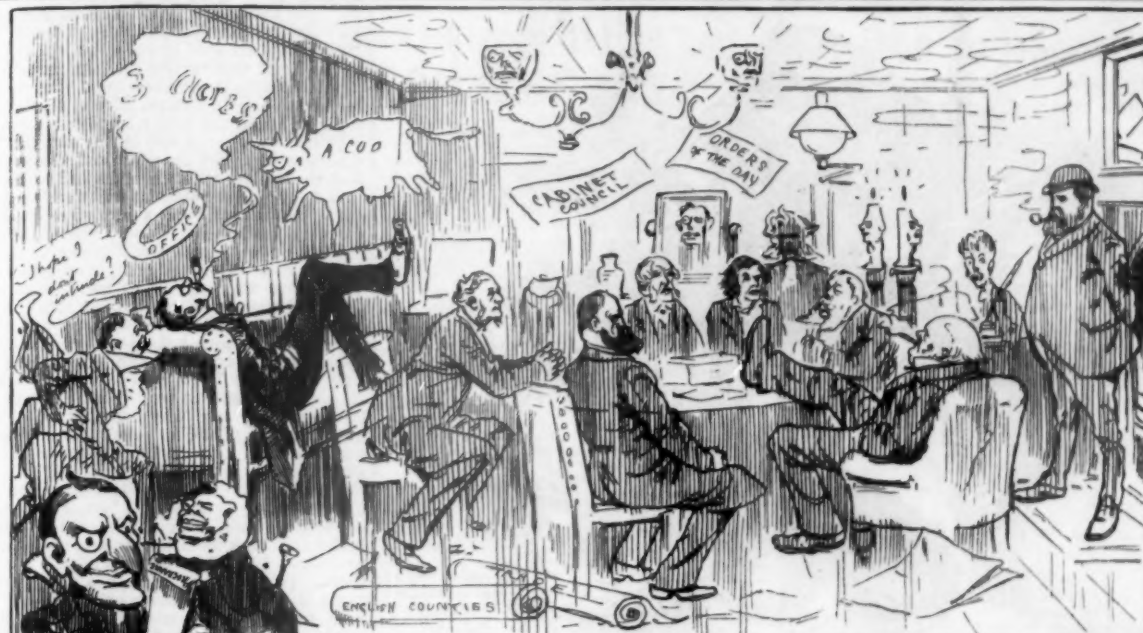
ONUND and ERLING SKIALGSSON;

With those who might have lived, you know,

In Norway many years ago.

If such inspire your interest,

You'll read this stirring tale with zest!



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS NO. 8 CHAMBERLAIN'S ROOM IN THE HOUSE. BIRMINGHAM IN LONDON
A DREAM.

SENCE, THIS WEEK, NONE.—TOBY.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE HOUSE.



H. L-b-ch-re
Turns his back on Chamberlain.



J. H. A. M-ed-n-ld.
"Ain't I like Harcourt?"



M-tch-ll-H-nry.
"Where is my Working Hat?"



C-l-n-l T-t-nh-m.
Irish Members, this style, 8s. 6d. extra.

ROBERT'S NORTH-EASTER SONG.

THE little Birds are shivering on the trees,
The little Fishes shivering in the river,
The gentle zeffers makes us coof and sneeze,
The rattlin hale-storms makes us shake and shiver.

Ah! how I pitys them unappy fellers
As has to leave their omes in early morn,
Who, weather they bees buyers or bees sellers
Must allmost cuss the hour as they was born.

How happy is the jowial Waiter's lot!
Who's never wanted till the arfternoon.
And all the mornin nought to do has got
But read the Paper while he hums a toon.
He nothink has to raise his hangry hire,
But, waiting for his little chop or stake,
He carmly sets beside his Kitching fire,
And smiles serenely at his useful Mate.

THE PLOT FOR PEASANTRY.—A Grass Plot.

FROM "PATIENT PENELOPE."—"SIR,—In 'The Chandos Classics' has lately been published a Volume entitled *Pilpay's Fables*. Who was PILPAY? A Medical Man? Of course it was only a *nom de pillule*. But how good! What were his *Fables*? Stories of wonderful cures! My friend Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says she only knows of one set of *Fables*—Allsop's *Fables*—and she doesn't believe in any others. Can you give me any information?" [Yes: the book is to be obtained at WARNE & Co.'s.—Ed.]



A PRIMROSE DAME.

Sketched by Our Artist in Covent Garden, April 19.

AMATEUR WORK.

By a New Hand.

I HAVE already described with what success I essayed the part of acting as my own Paper-hanger and my own Chimney-sweep; and now, owing to an attempt to serve as my own Plumber, I have found myself called upon, by a natural sequence of events, to discharge the duties of my own Dentist. The details are very simple.

Wishing to arrange some irregularities of an upper cistern, I somehow contrived, by injudiciously removing a foot of the supply-pipe at, I fancy, the wrong place, to divert the continuous service inside the house for thirteen hours and a half, flooding the stairs and landings with a complete cataract, and turning the whole of the premises from top to bottom, for the time being, into a vigorous and unceasing shower-bath. Happening to have an invalid Uncle staying on a visit with me, who would come out to see what was the matter, the damp flew to his face, with the result of giving him a violent toothache. He talked of "having it out," upon which I at once volunteered my services, assuring him that I felt quite equal to acting, on an emergency, as "my own family Dentist"; and, after a little pressure, he cheerfully consented to place himself in my hands.

Thus came about my experience, which, as it is instructive, and may serve as a useful guide to others who wish to conduct the operation of tooth-extraction at home, without the intervention of the professional Middleman, I will furnish from my rough notes, jotted down off-hand during the progress of the proceedings.

Having agreed to take out my invalid Uncle's tooth, prepare to arrange room suitably, and look out fitting instruments. After hunting well all over the house for the latter, manage to secure a fair collection, consisting of a stout pair of carpenter's pincers, a pair of nutcrackers, curling-tongs, lever-corkscrew, carving-fork, and piece of bell-wire, which I fancy will be sufficient. Fasten the foot-stool to the back of the study arm-chair to make a head-rest, and place it opposite the window, and, all being ready, ask my Uncle to take his seat. He does so, and opens his mouth. I ask him which is the tooth. He says he doesn't know, but thinks it is the third from the back at the bottom. I take up the carpenter's pincers, but tell him it is better to make sure, and, as the boy from the Chemist's happens to be calling with some medicine at that moment, I propose to call him in, and have his opinion. My Uncle nods. Boy comes in. Questioned, he says he can't tell which tooth it is, but that if I take three out I'm pretty sure to have the right one. He adds that he has always seen that done at the surgery. Put this to my Uncle. He says I had better, at any rate, begin at something. Determine that I will, and endeavour to fasten on the third tooth at the bottom with the carpenter's pincers. Fancy I have got it all right. Give a wrench, and my Uncle comes out of the chair. I let go. He says he doesn't think I had got hold of the right one, and, at any rate, he can't keep his head steady when I pull. Suggest that I shall send up and ask the man who is tuning the piano in the drawing-room, if "he'll mind just stepping down for a moment and holding it."

Pianoforte Tuner appears, and we try again. Result no better. This time I pull my Uncle with the chair, and the Pianoforte Tuner holding on to the back all together right up to the window. We pause to take breath, and I again let

go. The Pianoforte Tuner suggests that it isn't strength that is wanted but "knack." He says it's all done by the wrist, and that he has heard that savages can take out their own teeth with the greatest ease. Remember that a Retired Central African Missionary lives round the corner, and send a line begging him "just to step in for a moment." He comes. Explain the situation. He says that the natives with whom he had to deal used to whip their teeth out with a scalping-knife, but that this was a sort of religious rite that he does not think I could safely practise on my Uncle, and that he should advise a piece of string and pulley, which, when nine thousand miles away from a Dentist, he used to have recourse to himself. Thank him for his advice. Send for ball of twine, fasten it with bell-wire to my Uncle's tooth, and pass it over the curtain-pole. Pull hard. My Uncle raised some way out of his chair, but no use. String breaks. Chemist's Boy asks why I don't "try the nutcrackers." I do, but can't get a good purchase with them. Offer them to the Pianoforte Tuner, who also tries and fails. Retired South-African Missionary and Chemist's Boy both have a turn, but with no better result. My Uncle says I had better fall back upon the pincers, and that he thinks I did "loosen something" with them. Take them up again, and determine to see if I cannot manage a little "knack" with the wrist this time. Fix firmly, I think, on the right tooth, the Pianoforte Tuner and Chemist's Boy holding my Uncle tightly back, while the Retired South-African Missionary throws his weight on to my side. The Pianoforte Tuner says that when we pull a chorus would help us. He leads us with:—"Yeo ho! boys. Yeo oh!" We all join in this, and at each line give a prolonged tug at my Uncle. Certainly the tooth moves. I warn to my work. Yes, I feel it giving! "Now then, once more, all together—Yeo ho! boys!" I fall backwards on to the floor with the Retired South-African Missionary, and my Uncle and the chair go over in the opposite direction in a heap with the Pianoforte Tuner and Chemist's Boy. But the tooth is out!

I must, however, add, in justice to those who are disposed to follow in my footsteps, that though the tooth was extracted, it was, unfortunately, not the right one. That was eventually removed at the Dental Hospital. But I would not discourage the Amateur Dentist. He only requires decision in handling, and knack in execution. The last he could attain, I should say, by practising pulling out carpet-nails.



SPECIMENS OF INDIGENOUS "FLOORER."
IN PREPARATION FOR THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

HOME RULE!!!



WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the *Tale of Life*; what sheds the *purest light upon our reason*; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to *soften the heart of man* and elevate his soul, I would answer with *Lassues*, it is *EXPERIENCE*."—Lord Lytton.

THE HOME-RULE PROBLEM.—In the Political World, Home Rule means Negotiable Ballast. In the Sanitary World it means, in the whole Metropolis, upwards of 30,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed; and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor-rates), in consequence of these diseases which the Science of Hygiene teaches How to Avoid ("And which can be prevented")—CHADWICK. Pass it by if you like, BUT IT IS TRUE.

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP the loss to mankind, and the misery entailed, that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death? To say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread-winners of families.

WE ARE AT PRESENT AT THE MERCY OF THE IGNORANT AND CARELESS.

In order to prevent a disease, it is necessary to remove its causes; by that means you hinder the germ or poison from gaining admission. At the same time you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various causes, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the blood. The effect of ENO'S FRUIT SALT is to take away all morbid poison, and to supply that which promotes a healthy secretion.

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